

Good 770 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Ha'pence makes news for C.P.O. Harry Jones

HELL there, C.P.O. Harry Jones, here's a happy photograph for you from 42 Stamford Avenue, Altrincham, Cheshire. The day "G.M." called, your mother and sister Clare had just finished a spot of decorating in readiness for your return. Edna had been doing the shopping, and she came home just in time to have her photograph taken.

Recently, when Clare and Mam were returning from one of their shopping expeditions in Altrincham Market, they found a huge bunch of beautiful flowers which Fred had sent for your mother.

Naturally, Mam thought that Fred was back in England and had done this to surprise her. But no such luck! Fred had sent them from Italy via the London W.V.S. However, the whole family is looking forward to his return before next Christmas.

Mark has been home on four days' leave from France, and he and Clare have had a wonderful time. He is hoping to be back again in October so that he can meet you before he takes Clare back to Texas.

Clare told "G.M.": "Mark has heard so much about you, Harry, that he feels he knows you already. You two are going to get along very well together."

Sister Edna would like to send a special message to you. She wants us to tell you that there are no new halfpennies saved up this time, so go easy with the petty cash. Another thing, Harry. Between you and us, she's not forgotten the last episode.

Your Dad is still doing his war job, but he expects to be

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Laugh made old Cyrus Ocean Cable King

Told by Captain G. C. Catto, who worked on a repair ship

PRIME Minister Attlee never has any difficulty in speaking across the world. When he wants to have a word with President Truman in the White House he has only to lift a special cream-coloured telephone, fitted with a scrambler speech-distorting device for security, and be put straight through from Whitehall.

Secret conversations from Europe to the New World between the heads of States go mostly by transatlantic cable.

The voice of Premier Attlee goes only 17 fathoms deep at one stage, over the bed of the Atlantic.

Some of the Nazi submarines during the war were fitted with radio listening devices in an attempt to eavesdrop on the Atlantic cable's secret. The attempt failed, as almost no magnetic field is broadcast into the surrounding ocean.

In addition to British craft which patrolled these areas, there is a small fleet of repair craft in action on an unceasing patrol to keep these cables in good order, so that the Premier won't get the "line-out-of-order" signal when he wants to send an urgent Cabinet message to President Truman!

Across the Atlantic all these cables lie for the most part on the ocean bed. There is almost a negligible chance of a sunken merchantman fouling a cable and severing it.

The greatest cable depth is about two and a half miles. Near Valentia Island, off the Irish coast, which is a terminal point for many cables now used for urgent Government signals, the water is less than 17 fathoms deep.

From there the cables take a northerly route, avoiding what we call the "three-mile bottom"—a sudden valley in the subterranean ocean mountain range—and follow

a course that is for more than a thousand miles only one and a half miles deep, and only three-quarters of a mile deep in places.

Just off Newfoundland it is "hilly" on the ocean bed, cables rising in some places to only 58 feet from the surface.

But a short distance away there is a well in the strange under-water world, dipping down; it is believed to be 3½ miles.

Cable-laying and repairing craft have these wells plotted on their charts, and take care to avoid them. A drifting, dragging cable might snap in the middle of an important conversation.

PRESSURE.

It isn't calm down where the cables ride in the ocean, and huge Atlantic gales whip the cables about like a tornado, even a couple of miles below the surface. Owing to the mass of water the pressure on the cables is terrific.

At 300 feet, which is about the greatest depth for divers, the pressure is nearly 150 pounds to the square inch, increasing to 6½ tons to the square inch for the greatest known ocean depth of 52,100 feet.

Of course, cables do sometimes snap under the combined effect of storms and terrific pressure, but there is such a network now (the number of lines grew during the war, but the work had to be kept secret) that an alternative route can always be provided.

At the terminal ends there are, in stormproof stone huts, great switchboards like those of an electric power station.

The switches work by relays, and just by touching little rows of red bakelite buttons a cable expert can

switch from one ocean route to another.

Strange under-water animals are as great a menace to these cables as are storms. Once I had to work for nearly a month getting a cable up because it was so encrusted with glittering coral!

Near Valparaiso we had a cable break, and when we got it up there was a dead whale with its body coiled round the black cable.

The loose end of the cable is pulled to the shore in a small craft, to prevent it from being dragged over the ocean bottom, and when it has been secured (this is usually divers' work, or done in a bell if less than ten fathoms) the buoys are removed and the cable slowly sinks to the bed.

We use grapnels to bring the cable up again if there is a fault. It is not necessary, of course, to gather up each length of the cable to inspect it. We have an electrical "echo-sounder" which can tell to within about fifty yards, even on a 2,000-mile cable, exactly where there is a fault.

Charts show us where the cable is lying at the time, and although it may take a couple of days to locate and raise it, the work is not too tricky for seven months out of the year.

IN SILK.

Cables on which Government secrets are carried are clad in steel, lead, hemp and rubber. The inside wires are wound with Japanese silk. Not all the cables are new. One which carried the bulk of signals between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill until a year ago is 80 years old!

Cyrus Field is the man to thank for the fact that President Truman and Mr. Attlee can now never be more than a few seconds away from each other.

Cyrus was already an old man when a comic cartoon in a French popular scientific paper gave him the idea for a submarine cable.

It was a great risk for an old man to take, but he ventured his life's savings in founding a company—the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraphic Cable Company; and he bought sites on both coasts. Experts scoffed, but the British Government had faith, and helped to raise £350,000.

Ships set out simultaneously from Ireland and the United States for laying or repairing the cables. The "Great Eastern" was one of the first to

USELESS EUSTACE



"Phew! Talk about a chase while it lasted!"

lay a section of the cable. It wasn't done without loss of life.

Newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic at first didn't believe in the "fantastic" idea, but the bravery and fortitude of the early pioneers turned them into heroes almost overnight. Old Cyrus Field and his youthful band of cable-layers made the venture a success, and Charles Bright, a 26-year-old engineer on the British side, was knighted for his work on the job.

The first cable message sent was: "Europe and America are united by telegraphy. Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace towards men of goodwill."

It is remarkable that the cables are being used for the same object to-day after war.

WOMEN GO HOME

WHAT are the chances of a job in Wales? Many are asking the question, as 750,000 will be out of the Services by the end of the year.

Just now about 5,800 are unemployed in Wales. That is, of course, a very low figure when you consider that a big switch-over from war to peace production is already taking place and inevitably some have to stand-off until put into a new job.

Up to the middle of the year 10,500 had been released from Welsh munition factories. Many of them were women who have returned to their homes, not to work again if they can help it, and many were older men who worked for the war only.

Although there will be temporary unemployment for many thousands, it will not be long before there will be as much work as the available labour can handle.

New steel and tinplate mills, the most modern in the world, to be erected at Port Talbot, and other plants at Llanelli, Swansea, and in Monmouthshire, will employ thousands for at least five years, and thereafter steady work is assured.

Town Tour with Folk of E.R.A. Ron Goulding

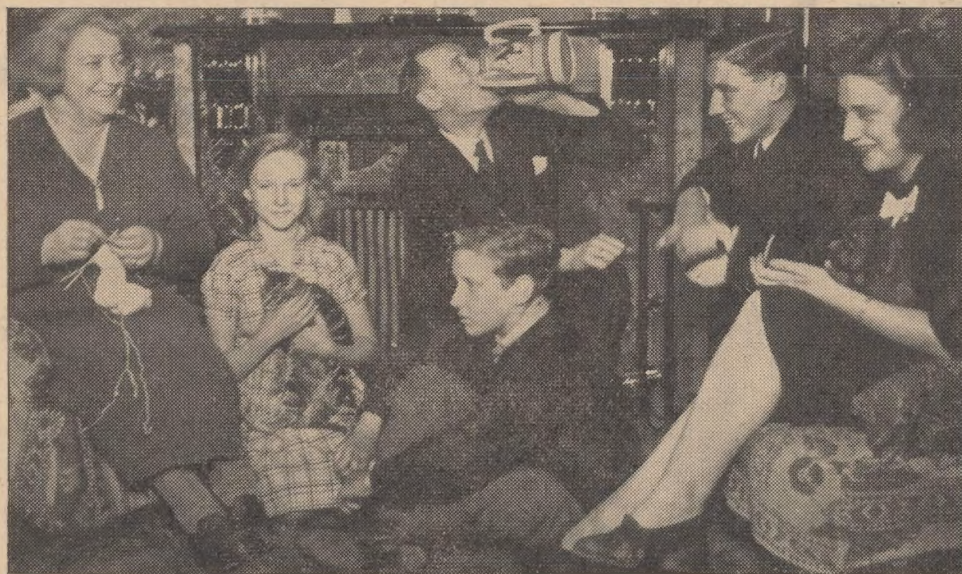
THE High Street with its picturesque turnings and alleys that give glimpses of the charming white-stone buildings and cottages; the Castle, stately and magnificent, dominating the township; the view from the Tower, first the narrow street with its gay shops and the old Theatre Royal, then the wide expanse of green Berkshire countryside blending, past Eton College, into the darker green of the distant trees, familiar as this is to you, E.R.A. Ron Goulding you cannot but be proud of Windsor.

Nevertheless, whatever you feel about your home town is probably narrowed down to one place—number 11, Peascod Street—the place you call Home.

We walked round Windsor with your father, sister Pearl and brother Bob and had all the high spots pointed out to us.

The "Castle" in its imposing central position and the "Ship" with its jaunty galleon swinging gently came in for a good share of our inspection, though we couldn't stay long enough, unfortunately, to make a more searching judgment.

Your mother told us that Dad still spends a considerable portion of his income at these two worthy houses, so you need have no fear that the Goulding family is forgotten now that you are away, and everyone will wel-



come you back in real style when you return.

The one person we did not find home, was Phyllis, who is busy these days, being a telephonist. She hears pretty often from Ted, and he even manages to phone her sometimes.

We did wait, however, until Mary and Gordon got in from school so that you would have most of the family in the picture.

Gordon is hoping to start work soon, but that hasn't caused him to give up his yen for old coinage.

His request to you is that you should keep your eyes open during your travels and see if you can get him any. If you do, he will save up the money for a safety razor so that you can remove the fur when you return.

He is not the only one who is saving for you though. Mary, who has taken a Muni-

cipal Scholarship, has strong hopes of winning the bursary, and with some of this money she is prepared to stand you a drink or two, Ron.

Bob, on the other hand, suggested that you bring him home a bottle—he didn't specify whether or not it should be filled, and if so, what with, but we would imagine you'd know. He also made the somewhat enigmatic enquiry as to whether you want any matches, but once again we leave this to you to figure out.

There have been a couple of additions to the pets at number eleven since you went away. You will remember Tiger, but Kitty is another bit of felinity that you have still to meet, and Tinker is a very sprightly brown puppy belonging to Pearl.

They all accompanied us upstairs to take a picture, which we accomplished in spite of their efforts to dis-

organise things by swinging on flexes and tugging plugs out.

Your mother showed us the window overlooking the street where you used to like sitting, with the piano not far away if you felt in the mood. Nowadays, Mary has taken your place there, but she will willingly relinquish it when you are back once more.

They still have parties at home, Ron, but they are nothing to the one there will be when you return, and if you can face a hearty breakfast next morning, Mum will have the bacon, tomatoes and eggs all ready for you, so think on these things and we should think you'll make that return pretty speedy.

Anyway, all the folk at Windsor, and your own family especially, hope you will, and meantime, send you the very best of good wishes for a successful good trip.

Heaven was being by-passed

I LEFT Murchie at last, puzzled, to tumble up in earnest, just as perplexed, wondering.

Back to the room in Gringo's Cafe I went, thinking hard all the time. I took down the charts and looked at them one after the other.

Quirk was still there, and bent over them with me.

"Look here," he said, "I don't want any mate of mine to let his wits wander on that stuff Murchie is saying. It's too good to be fact."

"It struck me as too good for fiction," I muttered; and Quirk grabbed at my sleeve.

"His talk has hit you up, too!" he said in a low tone. "I felt like that also—at first."

He started up and jabbed a horny hand at the maps, like a man who suddenly retreats from a temptation.

"Cut out the dreams!" he cried. "Murchie's crazy! Man, his story can't be true. The charts show nothing but moving water. Don't I know the South Pacific? All right!"

Well, he had been sailing it for nearly twenty years.

What else could he say? But...

The Monteith went out on the night tide two days later in company with several schooners bound for the beche-de-mer grounds around Santa Barbara.

The skipper was on the bridge beside me as the ebb rushed us like a mill-race towards the Golden Gate, which widened every minute in the moonlight.

There was a gust of wind coming in through the heads from the boat," he said. "She's a sister skipper one day as we watched open sea that made us tack now to the *Talato*, and I knew every inch of her. I'm willing to work—Madness is a strange thing. It can come on a man all at once, and it can leave him as quickly. It's a cinch Murchie is sane again. He never mentions that stuff about sea that's boiling this time, but that means a dam big tidal wave

It was there that the sea began the smell of the Pacific I want his island now, does he?"

to know again. Ask Captain Quirk to give me a chance."

What could I do? There was that something in his eyes that made me sorry for him.

"We're only going to Honolulu and Callao," I said. "But maybe the skipper could find a berth for us."

The rollers swept us fore and aft, and one great Niagara of green water caught the foot of the bridge and sent Quirk down the companion.

He hit the bulwarks and would have been washed overboard but for a man who was clinging to the rail, who stretched out a hand as the skipper was going past him and held him firmly.

For the next few minutes all was confusion and riot; and then we were over the bar and floating on the Pacific.

I glanced around and saw Quirk standing facing the man who had saved him, the moon playing on both their faces.

I did not wait for the skipper's shout for me to come down, for I slid down the companion-way and landed almost at their feet.

"Murchie!"

He touched his cap as the skipper swung round, roaring to make himself heard above the wind.

"It's him! Tells me he broke out of the asylum and came aboard last night when the cargo was being stowed. We can't send him back now. What's time we reached Honolulu we were to be done?"

There was a strange look on Murchie's face as he faced me.

"It was easy to hide on this has righted him," explained the skipper. "She's a sister skipper one day as we watched open sea that made us tack now to the *Talato*, and I knew every inch of her. I'm willing to work—Madness is a strange thing. It can come on a man all at once, and it can leave him as quickly. It's a cinch Murchie is sane again. He never mentions that stuff about sea that's boiling this time, but that means a dam big tidal wave

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Part 2 of Lost Isle of Paradise

"Never," I said. "It looks as if he'd forgotten all about it. He seldom speaks at all."

"That shows his sense," replied Quirk.

"You can tell him that the bo'sun's job is open to him after this trip's over. I owe him something."

I told Murchie on the next watch what the Old Man had said, and he smiled and thanked me in that quiet way so peculiar to him.

After that he was given the wheel for long tricks, and it was a pleasure to see how he handled the ship.

It takes a good steersman to keep decks dry when the South Pacific sets in dead ahead; but Murchie did it, and the skipper nodded approval to him as he passed him at the binnacle.

We ran out of the squalls and came to Callao, where we discharged our cargo and took in another of sugar and wool for the return.

As usual, there were rumours of earthquakes, and the skipper went ashore to get the rights of the reports.

"We'll lose a day or so on the home trip," he said, when he came back. "The town has had a quake or two more than usual lately, and the shipping is being advised to take a wide circuit on the first leg of the up-run. I'll lay a course well outside the quake area, even if we have to run due south a bit."

"This is the 'quake season," I remarked. "One of these days that town of mud and bamboo will be shaken to bits again."

"On, they're not worrying about a shake up," replied the skipper. "It's something out under the sea that's boiling this time, but that means a dam big tidal wave

Guess we'd better get away as soon as you're ready."

We got away that night. It was Murchie who took us out of the harbour, with me on the deck beside him.

The Old Man was working out his course below, and he had it ready by the time we were in the open.

For several days we ran sou'-west, then tacked about for the up stretch.

"It was in the early hours of a tropical morning that we tacked, and that afternoon I was on deck lazing about when I heard a hail from the wheel.

Murchie was standing like a man petrified, gazing aloft at the swaying masts.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as I walked over to him.

He did not answer at first, but there had come upon his face such a look of longing and pain that I thought he was ill.

"What's the matter, Murchie?" I asked again, and then I saw that his eyes, which were looking upward, were wet.

"We're near it," he said in a whisper. "We're near it at last!"

"Near what?" I demanded, but I knew what he meant before he spoke again.

"It's the birds," he said, point-

ing upward to where about a dozen birds were flying above the ship. "They've come to guide me. We're near the Isle of Paradise, sir. Won't you let me change the course? Just a few points—"

"Look here, Murchie," I said, though my heart was sore for him. "That's all bunk. The birds don't mean anything—"

He dropped his eyes and stared at me in a way that made me wish I hadn't spoken.

"They do mean something," he said, "and you know it, too. These are land birds. Did you ever see finches, or parrots, or orioles six hundred miles from land?"

For a minute the statement staggered me. I gazed aloft.

The seamen on the fore-castle were trying to get the birds to alight, but the birds were not wearied as they would have been from a long flight, even if they could have gone six hundred miles just for the sake of doing it.

"For Heaven's sake let me find my Isle of Paradise!" cried Murchie. "It's somewhere near—hardly a day's run. Don't you understand? My wife is over there somewhere, waiting for me. We may be passing it now—passing it, and you think I'm mad! I'm (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

4. Who was Labour's first Prime Minister?
5. Why is Rhodesia so called?
6. What three counties in Ireland begin with the letter K?

Answers to Quiz in No. 769

1. In what card game is the term "Rubicon" used?
2. What road bridges cross the Thames between Tower Bridge and Westminster Bridge?
3. Of what country is La Paz the capital?
1. Euchre.
2. Venus, Mercury.
3. London, Glasgow, Birmingham.
4. 1924.
5. (a) Hammond, (b) Verity.
6. Kincardine, Kinross, Kirkcudbright.

Linnets and Sparrows

THE little folk of the furze have ever a fascination for Jesse, and his Sunday evening's stroll usually takes him across the common to enjoy their company.

Not that he ever gives it out that he's "going a-birding"—oh! no, that isn't Jesse's way.

He likes to see how the crops on other farms compare with Holme Farm, and as he passes shrewd comments on the "plenty" or otherwise of his neighbour's crops, his eye is taking in every bird or animal within his range of vision.

So, when he indicated to Mrs. Jesse, on Sunday, after tea, that they took a walk to "see how the harvest was progressing," that good soul knew it would include more than looking at stook-rows.

The bracken, too, is now tinted with a russet patchwork, while the glory of the common is the blaze of yellow on every furze bush.

It is here Jesse pauses to comment on "harvest," for scores of linnets, stone-chats, and little furze-wrens are flitting in and out of every bush as though some mighty project was on hand.

There's neither seed nor insects in the winter, and having no store-house, it is those birds which eat most in times of plenty that stand the best chance of surviving the lean times.

Most kinds of small birds are to be found on the common, but Jesse was specially favoured this time by breaking in on a family of goldfinches.

Quite a family party it seemed, hovering and fluttering around a giant Scotch thistle.

There was at least eight of them, but so excited over their find—such a flutter of black, white, yellow and red—that even Jesse couldn't count them properly.

For several minutes Jesse watched the fairy-like display. He was delighted to meet such a dainty gathering, for goldfinches have become rare in this locality.

They were just turning to leave the glorious sight when a rush of wings came into the birch trees, and a whole colony of linnets and impudent sparrows set up a twitter and chirp that broke the spell.

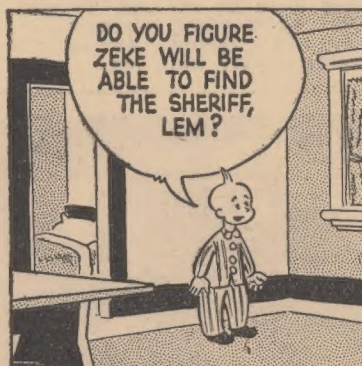
The little feasters dispersed over the nearby furze-bushes, and only a gaunt upright thistle under the silver-birch remained to convince the watchers that they had not been "seeing things."

"It does yer good—a walk out!" commented Jesse, an hour later, when having trailed his partner around innumerable cornfields they returned down the village street.

And his partner, though tired with the long walk, agreed that it did, and left him to follow on at his leisure as they neared "The Plough," whilst she hurried on to "lay supper."

F. K.

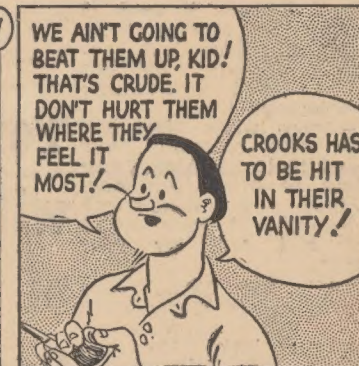
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

1. Behead a fox's tail and get a hurry.
2. Insert the same letter 10 times and make sense of: iterui e'ewinhirtforoldier.
3. What colour can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The sheep have been —, and the cow has had her — sawn off.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 707

1. F-LAKE.
2. She sews shot silk socks.
3. ETHEL.
4. Simple, impels.

JANE



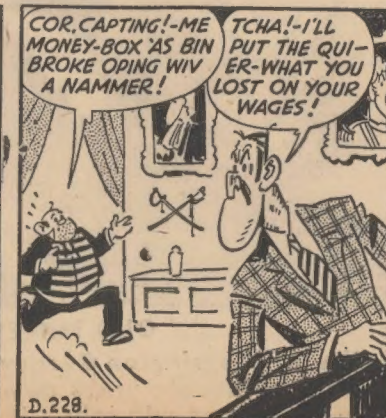
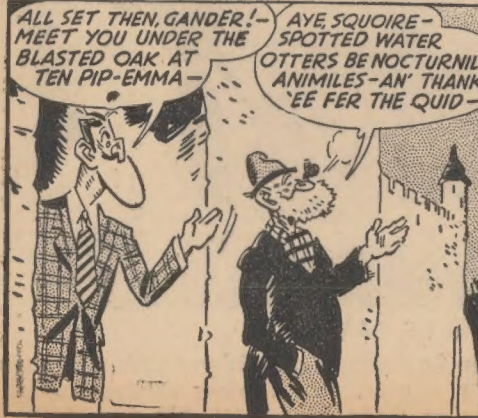
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Heaven was being by-passed

(Continued from Page 2)

not mad, I tell you. My island is there. My wife is there!"

He became incoherent, babbling away in a tongue which I did not understand. I hailed the bo'sun and asked him to take the wheel from Murchie, who had gripped it tightly. Then I sent a man for the skipper, who came on deck at once.

Murchie was on his knees by this time. He was still babbling in that language I didn't know.

"What's this?" demanded the skipper. "Has he gone mad again?"

"I'm not mad!" roared Murchie. "We are near my island. Give me a boat and let me go back to it—"

And away he went into that strange talk again. The bo'sun spoke then.

He's talking an Arawak dialect, sir," he said. "I can't make it all out, but I know the tongue. He's saying something about a beautiful girl and a village—look there, sir!"

Murchie had risen to his feet and was calling some words to the birds which wheeled about the masthead. A strange thing happened.

Two of the birds fluttered down and settled on his outstretched hands, chirping with little notes of interrogation and twisting their lovely heads from side to side.

Suddenly they became scared and flashed upwards to their mates.

"Do you think I don't know the birds?" cried Murchie. "They may have recognised some words of Paradise. Captain Quirk, you the mainland, where all kinds of dialects are spoken. Pull yourself

together, Murchie, I don't want to put you under restraint."

At the word of threat a sudden change came over the man.

He was on his knees, his hands thrown out before the skipper, and the tears were running down his cheeks. The skipper's words seemed to strike him like a blow.

A shiver passed through him, and he covered his face with his hands for an instant.

I think that was the most terrible instant I ever experienced. What it was to Murchie you can guess, maybe.

The slap of the waves against the ship's side sounded very loud, and the creaking of the shrouds suddenly became like the strokes of doom.

Murchie rose to his feet and staggered forward, and disappeared down the fore-castle companion. (To be continued).



"I know the detective's keeping an eye on the wedding presents, but who's keeping an eye on the detective?"

ALEX CRACK

"Billposter Wins Big Fight." We bet his opponent got a pasting.

People are Queer

WHEN late-walking residents of Ealing came across P.C. Trickett standing at a street corner on his beat meditating, they probably thought he was thinking out new ways of checking crime.

But ten to one he was cogitating on water-lilies.

He is a distinguished botanist, one of the leading authorities in the country on the culture of those lovely flowers, and has lectured on them to some of the most learned gatherings.

In his garden at Ealing is a water-lily that exists nowhere else in Britain. He brought it up from a seed—or tuber—or whatever it is water-lilies grow from.

P.C. Trickett is retiring from the police after twenty-five years service, and is looking forward to devoting more time to his favourite hobby.

MR. HUBERT HALSEY, of Tring, went fishing in Marsworth Reservoir, Bucks. The second biggest fish in the country eyed his bait with approval, and a moment later was flapping through the Buckinghamshire air to a safe landing.

It was a Pomeranian bream, measuring seventeen inches by six and a half inches, and turned the scales at 4 lbs. 11 ozs.

Seems a good thing they strain the water before it reaches the tap. D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

TEAM	LOOP	L
ALCOVE	FETE	
PUTT	ALFRED	
D	HOVE	FAG
PEG	PEA	TIRE
O	ASP	DUD
ARM	ODE	YES
COB	SING	D
HOOTER	LOUR	
EDGE	GLANCE	
R	EASE	DEEP

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9				10		11	
12			13		14		
	15		16		17		
18	19		20				
21		22		23	24		25
		26		27	28		
29	30		31		32		
33		34		35		36	
37			38		39		
40			41				

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Sand and stones. 2 Rabble. 3 Sly look. 4 Boy's name. 5 Drive. 6 Stick. 7 Farm animals. 8 The indicated. 9 Vehicle. 10 Half. 11 Mean houses. 12 Wind instrument. 13 Tipped. 14 Insect. 15 Floor cover. 16 Sailor. 17 Nut. 18 Dip. 19 Sated. 20 Meat. 21 Range of sight. 22 About to occur.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Precious stone. 2 Account. 3 Tip. 4 What. 5 Cut away. 6 Pulp. 7 Eight-sided figure. 8 Salad plant. 9 Nip. 10 Proportion. 11 Went first. 12 Hot drink. 13 External ear. 14 Yarn. 15 Knock about. 16 Girl's name. 17 Flap attached. 18 Deficiency. 19 Time o' day. 20 Volcanic matter. 21 Meshed fabric. 22 Owned. 23 Perform.

Good Morning



TEACHING THE WORMS TO SWIM?

Not a bit of it! These landgirls are catching eels for their supper in the river at Axbridge in Somerset. Eel-clotting it's called. Never heard of it? What ignorance!



MUSIC LOVER CAN'T BEAR IT.

When the N.F.S. band gave a concert in the park, the young fellow-me-lad with the barrow bowled up to hear some Bach or Beethoven. What he thought of the fire-boys band, you can judge from his gesture.



Just a line from "Fuse" Wilson—G. M.'s whacky photographer—to tell youse guys he's having a whale of a time at Bognor Regis.



WHAT-O SHE JUMPS.

Two spring-heeled Jills leap over the shingle. We can't discover what made them leap into the air. May have been an inquisitive crustacean, of course. Oh, all right, a nip from a crab—if you prefer it.



"PLUS-EIGHTS"—FOR DOGS.

Here's something new in doggie suits. These protective overall suits, are for indoor or outdoor wear. They come in various materials and colours. We must buy one for our mongrel.



OLD MINER SETS SAWS.

In the village of Farrington Gurney, in Somerset, old Edward Harrington, after spending fifty-six years down the pits, still makes himself useful doing a variety of odd jobs. Here you see him with his grandson.